UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Story of My Experiments with Truth

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An English Prophet Visits America

An Interview with Hon. Arthur Ponsonby, M. P.

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, MAY 2, 1927 NUMBER 9

THE CURE FOR DOUBT

"I have often experienced what you call the humiliating feeling of getting more and more involved in doubt, the more one thinks of the facts and reasoning on doubtful points. But I always comfort myself with thinking of the future, and in the full belief that the problems which we are just entering on, will some day be solved; and if we just break the ground we shall have done some service, even if we reap no harvest."

Charles Darwin, to Joseph Hooker.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case is fast approaching its tragic or happy ending. The last resource of the courts has been exhausted, and the case now goes to the Governor who has the power not to order a new trial but only to reprieve or pardon. To anybody who has doubts as to the facts involved, or who wonders why Boston is seething with an excitement unparalleled since the days of the Fugitive Slave Law and why the whole wide world is interested, we commend a reading of the recent book, "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti," by Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School. Here is the story of a judge and a prosecutor who sought not to find out the truth about a mysterious murder, but to punish two aliens who were hated and feared for their revolutionary radicalism. Had Sacco and Vanzetti been native citizens of irreproachable political opinion, it is inconceivable that they would ever have been convicted, or even suspected and arrested. Had Sacco and Vanzetti themselves been tried not amid the pathological excitements of the "red raids" following the War, but amid the ordinary conditions of public sentiment and opinion, it is certain that they would have been acquitted. But they were condemned for murder in the first degree, and the courts, strictly bound by the letter of the Massachusetts law, declare that there is nothing that they can do about it. Gross indecencies have been uncovered in the original evidence; new evidence has been revealed pointing straight to other criminals as the murderers. But the Massachusetts courts, under the statutes, have nothing to do with evidence. They are concerned only with the technical processes of the law, and unanimously affirm that these processes have all been faithfully complied with. Which means that, if Sacco and Vanzetti die on July 10th next, they die not because they are guilty, but because the Massachusetts courts must be vindicated. If ever there was a case which clamored for executive interference, this is it. We trust Governor Fuller to act!

We hear little in this part of the world about the Royal Indian Navy. Probably most people in America do not know that India is building a navy, or rather that England is building a navy for India—and the Empire!—at India's expense. Few facts are more important, however, to our understanding of contemporary British policy, and no facts show more clearly the everlasting astuteness of the British mind in dealing with problems of imperial power. Here is England taxed to the limit—the new budget has increased the burden. One day out of every five, we are told, the average Englishman gives all his earnings to government! It is obvious that the nation cannot keep up her former naval predominance under fiscal conditions of this kind. She cannot build ships as in the old days of the 2-1 ratio. Something must be done—and something *is* being done! Some years ago, for example, England persuaded the United States, at the far-famed Washington Conference, to sink her capital ships and abandon the business of competition. Now, with scarcely a word said, she decrees that India shall build and maintain a navy, a Royal Navy, for the Empire, of course! This navy is not England's navy, or even Britian's navy, and therefore is altogether outside the restrictions of the Washington Conference. Clever, eh? This navy is not England's navy, or even Britian's navy, and therefore is not built with English or British money, but with Indian money. Meanwhile India's annual contribution of a hundred thousand pounds sterling to the Imperial Navy is to be continued, "until the Indian navy has developed to such proportions as to perform an appreciable portion of the services expected of it." Clever, eh? India making her regular contribution to the English navy, and at the same time building her own navy for "services expected," as usual, for imperial interests! India, of course, has not been consulted about the matter. She has just been ordered in cold blood to supply additions to the British navy which England is no longer able to supply herself. There is more than one way to skin a cat. Here is a proof of the old adage!

"Whence come wars and whence come fightings," asked St. James in his pastoral epistle. One answer to this question today is the determination of governments to guarantee and protect the investments and speculations of their nationals in foreign countries. The principle upon which such determination is based seems well established in international practise, if not precisely in international law. "By virtue of sovereignty," says the United States Senate, in the preamble of its famous Arbitration Resolution, "the duty devolves upon this Government to protect the . . . property of its nationals in foreign countries, which duty is not to be neglected or disregarded." How sound or necessary this principle is, as an attribute of sovereignty, we do not say, for we do not know. But that it is an occasion for constant friction, discord and armed warfare between nations is obvious enough. That is, in the case of *small* or weak nations! When the United States confiscated and thus destroyed the property and investments of Englishmen in breweries, distilleries, etc., through the passage of the 18th Amendment, Great Britian did not find it a matter of duty even to protest, much less to send warships and land marines. Her "duty" to her nationals in this case was most conveniently "neglected or disregarded." So also when Soviet Russia confiscated the hundreds of millions of dollars of property owned by Americans within her borders! We did not find it necessary or advisable to attempt intervention, or declare war, or do any other actively hostile thing. But when Moroccans, or Mexicans, or Chinese destroy or even place in jeopardy the property of alien nationals, we proceed forthwith to move armies and navies, bombard noncombatants, and make war generally. We believe this principle should end. We are unutterably opposed to staking lives as a guarantee of property. If nationals take their investments into foreign countries, let them do it at their own risk. They make enormous profits. Let insecurity be regarded as one of the hazards of the trade.

The abominable alien registration act bobbed up again in this last session of Congress. It had no chance of being passed, of course, but it is steadily gaining in position among pending proposals for legislation, it has powerful backing among the organized superpatriot groups of the nation, and is certain of being pushed hard in the next Congress. It is therefore most emphatically a bill to be watched. Its proposals are almost incredible in their medievalism. They provide, in effect, that all aliens shall register with governmental authorities within a certain time after the passage of the act, and regularly every year thereafter. All aliens entering the country shall register with the immigration officials at the port of entry, and regularly every year thereafter. The fee for registration shall be $10 the first time, and $5 every year thereafter. For minors, between the ages of 16 and 21, who must also be registered—the fee shall be $3. The place of registration, determined by an elaborate system of districting, shall in effect be the post-office nearest to the alien's residence. If the alien changes his residence at any time, he must make due announcement at his old place of registration, report immediately at his new place, and do various other things to add to the joy of life in the United States. Most important of all, "every alien shall on demand at any time exhibit his certificate of identification to any agent of the Department of Labor, to any State, Territorial, or local police or peace officer, and to any other officer designated by the President." If this doesn't sound more like Russia in the good old days of the Tsar than the America of Washington and Lincoln, then we are an idiot and this paper a tabloid. Think of the opportunities for spying, persecution, petty corruption under such an act as this. Visualize our post-offices crowded with distracted and frightened foreigners, registered like criminals, robbed of their hard-earned money, and sent back to their homes and places of labor to be hunted and hounded by idle officers of government. This sort of thing is a scandal—the mere mention of it is a disgrace. The sooner the aiders and abettors of such legislation feel the wrath of public opinion, the better.

The Negro problem takes on a new and intensely interesting phase. Hitherto the Negro has been victim, and the main factors of the "problem" of which he has been the center have been supplied by others. He is rapidly becoming his own problem. The situation in Chicago shows that he will have his hands full. Perhaps the problem is quite as acute in New York, though the phase is not identical. The Negro has clamored for the chance to work out his own destiny; his best friends have joined him in the demand. Like all other racial groups who have gone that way, he is finding that his problems do not solve themselves, though he gets them in his own hands. He must learn to do better than he has done in the recent Chicago election. The Negro stampede to support the Thompson ticket will require a deal of explaining. The interracial jealousies of Negro groups in New York have brought the Negro's social and even his economic progress to a stand-still at some points. For long, in the south, the same tendencies have been marked. In Charleston a few years ago, and doubtless still, the social cleavage between the descendants of Negroes already free before the Civil War and the descendants of the slave Negroes, was scarcely less blighting to the social life of the community than that between the Negro and the Caucasian. The West Indian is very

much of a "foreigner" in New York, in Negro social and economic circles. It is good for the American Negro to have the common human problems thrust upon him, in a form which imposes the responsibility for solution upon him himself. It has been too easy to attribute the cultivation of his personal and social vices to his social handicaps. So long as he is the victim of social oppression imposed from outside his group, he is tempted to evade responsibilities which are elementally and inevitably his own. It is well that he should have problems of his own to solve.

The dinner in honor of the seventieth birthday of Clarence Darrow, held in Chicago on April 18th last, was a notably impressive occasion. It is curious, in a way, that such a man should be so honored, for Mr. Darrow recognizes few of the conventions and practises few of the graces of ordinary human relationships. No public man of whom we can think has been so intensely and almost aggressively individualistic in his opinions and ways of life, so persistently on the offside and in the hated minority. Politically, he has been an anarchist of the extreme Tolstoyan type. Religiously—if we may use the word in this connection—he has been an agnostic, denying any sure faith in God and immortality, and more latterly a mechanist, denying freedom of the will and hence all elements of human character and responsibility. As a lawyer, he has used his extraordinary knowledge and matchless skill to defend the under-dog, the hunted and hounded of every class. It is his boast, we understand, that he has never prosecuted anybody, but has invariably stood as a shield and buckler against the law in its attacks upon labor leaders like Haywood and Pettibone, teachers like Scopes of Tennessee, Negroes like Dr. Sweet of Detroit, even rich degenerates like Leopold and Loeb. If ever there was a man who would seem to be an enemy of society in all its established beliefs and institutions, it is Clarence Darrow. Yet men clamor for the chance to honor him! What is the reason? The qualities of the man himself, which defy all explanation, which stir all admiration and reverence! His tolerance of mind, his sweet humility of temper, his knightly courage for the right, his spirit of utter devotion and sacrifice, his profound pity for human frailty, his hot hatred of oppression, his tender love for all sorts and conditions of men, his broad, generous, inclusive humanitarianism—these are the things which have moved this generation, and taught us all to rise up and call Clarence Darrow blessed. He may not know it, but he comes near to being the most truly religious man of our time. In spite of himself he has proved the triumph *of the soul.*

We had always imagined that the Chicago Church Federation was a civilized body. But in the April issue of their *Bulletin,* we discovered a paragraph that tempts us to believe that this Federation represents a tribe of numbo-jumbo savages from the jungles of Africa. For sheer superstitious barbarism we have seen nothing quite like it since we studied the annals of primitive religions in the divinity school. That our readers may pass judgment for themselves, we reprint the paragraph in full, as follows:

> Alexander Hewitt Kerr was a convert of Dwight L. Moody, at Philadelphia in 1876. In 1902 he read a book written by Bishop John H. Allen, in which the author called attention to Jacob's vow to tithe—and the prosperity that came to Jacob. Kerr, a young business man then in Portland, Oregon, began to pay tithes, and to prosper. Later he had interests in Chicago, Oklahoma, and San Francisco. At the time of the earthquake and fire Mr. Kerr had put nearly everything he had into the manufacture of fruit jars, and his factory was in San Francisco. Then came the earthquake. His friends came to him (in Portland) and said, "Kerr, you are ruined," to which he replied "I don't believe it. I know God cannot go back on His promises." He wired San Francisco and received this reply: "Factory in the heart of the fire. Undoubtedly destroyed. Heat so intense will be unable to find out anything for some days."
>
> What a time of testing—but his faith in his Lord never wavered. About a week later came a telegram saying: "Factory miraculously saved. Everything for a mile and a half on all sides of factory burned."
>
> The factory was a two-story wooden building, containing the huge tanks where the glass was melted, which are kept at 2,500 degrees, oil was used for fuel, the building was about the most inflammable in San Francisco. The fire had raged on all sides of the factory, creeping even to the wooden fence surrounding the building and scorching it, then jumping around and beyond the building, burning everything in its course. Miraculous? Is anything too hard for the Lord?
>
> Every business in which Mr. Kerr was interested tithed. Strict account was kept of every cent, and all money was prayerfully distributed "in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." He did not believe in giving buildings, but preferred to give to churches that were in need, and to missions in all lands, to orphanages, to prison work, and to religious organizations that are loyal to the Redeemer. He died at Riverside, California, February 9, 1925. His tithing fund, incorporated, administered by Mrs. Kerr, carries on his beneficence. Five million copies of his tract "God's Loving Money Rule for Your Financial Prosperity" have been distributed.
>
> Mr. Kerr often remarked that if skeptics want proof that there is a God and that the Bible is true, all they need to do is to tithe for a year, and God will prove to them without a doubt, that He is the same, yesterday, and today, and for ever.

We repeat, that for utter superstition of the grossest variety, this takes the cake! What about the owners of all this property around Mr. Kerr's factory which was destroyed—were they all miserable sinners? What kind of a God is this deity whom Mr. Kerr worships—a cheap huckster, who sells his favors, like articles of merchandise, to the highest bidder? Are we actually to believe, in this enlightened age, that earthquakes and fires, droughts and floods, are stayed in their natural course by divine interventions which make distinction between men good and bad? We offer no apology for saying that this stuff is "tommy-rot," which the Chicago Church Federation ought to be ashamed to publish. We cannot believe that the men behind the Federation *Bulletin* are so ignorant as not to recognize this story for what it is, a plain piece of magical "bunk." If this is true, then these men are careless or unscrupulous enough to use this "bunk" to catch unwary souls for Jesus. It is such business as this that makes the church a joke, and vindicates such satires as "Elmer Gantry."

Jottings

In a case in a New York City court involving the question of the use of a certain boulevard set aside "for pleasure vehicles only," it was solemnly ruled that a funeral procession could not use this highway. "A hearse," said the judge, "is not a pleasure vehicle." The other cars, we suppose, might on occasion be so regarded, and thus admitted to the road.

It is great good news that Professor James Moffat is coming to this country to be a member of the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Dr. Moffat is best known for his modern translations of the Old and New Testaments. He is one of the great scholars of the English-speaking world.

"Elmer Gantry" brings to mind "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher"—it is so different. "Brother Saul" brings to mind "Ben Hur"—it is so similar. Literature, like history, repeats itself in various and sundry ways.

How wonderful—that the English Tories are ready to concede that a woman of twenty-one years of age is as competent to vote as a man of the same age! It seems incredible, but it actually looks as though the day were coming when women would be regarded as the equals of men.

There has recently been organized in this country a committee on old age pensions. Its purpose is to secure legislation in the several states on the pattern of the old age pension laws of Germany and England. The probability of securing such legislation is remote, but just for this reason is it a good thing that an organization has begun the work of public agitation. It is high time that America became civilized on this question.

The New York Custom Cutters Club declares that the wardrobe of a well-dressed man should include an evening suit, a tuxedo, a cutaway, three business suits, and a combination sports suit. Seven suits, not including a bathing suit! On this basis, we know where we belong, all right—with Bernard Shaw's "undeservin' poor."

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

The Sunday that first found me in New York City found me at 11 a. m. in the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue—where John Haynes Holmes and John Herman Randall are ministers. I would like to give my readers my observations, if I can get my words past the editor-in-chief. If they are interested in other churches, as in Rochester, Chicago and Detroit, why not, above all others, in the Community Church?

It has one of the best locations in the city of New York. I like the building of red-brown stone, standing two-square on the corner of Park Avenue and 34th Street and pointing at the Armory of the 77th regiment, diagonally across the intersection. It has a strategic position, and plans are in contemplation for the erection, on the same spot, of an edifice, equipped to meet the demands of the growing needs of the Church. Success to the building enterprise!

As I entered the auditorium, a moment after 11, I found the people singing the doxology, "Be Thou, O God, exalted high"—at the close of which I had difficulty in finding a seat, and as it was I had to be thrust in between two pre-empted space people, who had to use a little extra Christian grace, to move up, and then I sat down on the end of a fur scarf. The church was soon crowded, with standees in floor and balcony.

John Haynes Holmes was in the pulpit, all alone, unattended by deacons or boys, undecorated with a robe. He looked able to manage the service himself, and he proved to be able. I had a moment of time to glance around and discovered that I was in an auditorium, seating 1200—good enough for anybody, and not too good for anybody. The poor and the rich would feel equally at home. Back of the pulpit is a huge wall fresco of a big angel, sounding a note, in large letters, **"Let There Be Light"**—which would probably be accepted as the key-note of the Community Church. Anyway, it is a good one. While my mind, in quite un-Quakerish fashion, was wondering, the voice of the preacher called the congregation to turn to page 32 of "Readings from Great Authors," and on this page I found "The Golden Age" by Horace Traubel. And the pastor and people read, responsively. There seemed to be heart in it. My neighbors didn't share their books with me, so I had to take some of the crumbs, as they dropped, such as, "The golden age is in my heart today" . . . "The golden age does not come to money or fame or rulership" . . . "The light has come through you, as through any other," and these crumbs tasted good, so good that I got the book "Readings from Great Authors" and took it to my room, and found in it readings from Lincoln, Emerson, Whitman, Parker, Lowell, Tolstoy, Tagore, Paul, Isaiah and Jesus. (It's a good book

to buy. Send $1.00 to the Community Church, 12 Park Ave., New York City.)

And then, "Let us sing" said the pastor, giving out Hymn No. 38,—"O God, I thank Thee for each sight of beauty"—reading the hymn clear through. And then "The first lesson is from the Hebrew scriptures, Ecclesiastes, 7th and 8th. The translation is by Dr. James Moffatt." The reading was well done, holding the attention of the people. And then—while a sweet voice, that of a lady, coming from the right corner of the room, sang, "He that dwelleth in the secret place . . . shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," I noted that on the right of the pulpit was a bust of Lincoln; and on the left, a bust of Emerson. These two, with the flaming angel of Truth above, make a fine background for preaching. And then, "I will read the second lesson. It is from Robert Louis Stevenson." And I heard that this man believed that "Courage and Intelligence" were worth cultivating. And I thought,—Lincoln, Stevenson, Emerson, they were not very good church attendants, and now here they are at the front. Whose bust next will decorate the altars of churches? Debs, perhaps. Who knows? Who says, that there is no hope in the church? Just give it time. Lenin may become a saint in the Church of the Russians,—given time. Anyway, the judgments of the church are usually wise,—given time.

And then, "Let us join together in prayer." And there followed a simple, honest prayer for a discovery of "the secret of peace" and "deliver us from the curse of war"—a prayer for a wholesome life, lived in the light of truth, a prayer at once vigorous, vital, and triumphant,—a prayer blending at the close with organ chimes of "Abide with me."

The sermon was in answer to the question: "Has Life any meaning?" It was 45 minutes long, but everyone listened intently, throughout. I looked to see if there was any "29-minutes weariness" and I could discover none on the faces of the congregation. Dr. Holmes said this question was also an ancient one. Modern life, however, has some peculiarities. Men are losing their religion. Christianity is slipping. Now, as in ancient days, men go through the performance of rites, which they know to be unreal, and do it with straight faces. The first century, however, is different from ours in that the first century was marked by the appearance of a new personality, Jesus, who awakened faith. This age is searching for such a personality, but is failing. Science does not give a basis for faith. It gives only mechanism.

A second fact about this age is the surpassing exhibition of wealth and power. Dr. Holmes discussed the futility of it. It is producing what might well be called "Spiritual nausea." "Our land is fat—but we find, there is nothing to it." This age is also an age of machinery. Is the machine turning upon us and making us its slaves. "The telephone was made to use . . . is it using us?" The disillusionment of the War has raised the question of the meaning of life. Life can never present a beautiful vision to this generation, because we have looked into hell. Then followed a strong discussion of the attitude of agnosticism, on the meaning of life. No man *knows*. One has as little right to deny as to affirm. There may be insufficient evidence to affirm there is a meaning to life. Also, to deny it. Men do not *know*. This agnosticism is not a religion, but it is a basis, an attitude that reveals more truth than any other attitude.

An attitude that life has no meaning does not imply recklessness. Two religious groups have grown out of this attitude, the Stoics, whose religion spelled *courage;* and the Buddhists, whose religion spelled *pity*. Courage and pity are great religious graces. The attitude that assumes that life has a meaning carries with it the implication of purpose to search for that meaning. This is scientific, and was found in a man like Darwin. Also, the implication that one will be an artist, i. e., he will try to create a meaning. He will seek to turn the clay into a piece of art. The greater half of life is not what we receive, but give, and in the giving, there is created a meaning out of the material; and life becomes a faith, that, "I shall arrive, emerge, some day!"

Then, there was silent prayer, which was merged into tones of the organ, that introduced, "O, Love Divine." It was a wholesome service. I feel certain that everyone went down to his house bettered. Any possible suicidal mania must have been halted, and an impetus toward faith given. And after the service, I drifted around among the people to pick up comments, that any might naturally communicate. I wish I had done it more. One said, "Isn't he a master-reasoner?" And I nodded. Another said, "I have been here fifteen years, and Dr. Holmes decorates my experience." At the exit, there are shelves, where sermons are for sale. I asked, "Sell many?" The reply, "Thousands." Another, "When at the beginning of the War, Dr. Holmes took a stand against war, I became a member. One striking thing about it was that the membership continued steadily to grow throughout the War and up to the present." He agreed with me that this pulpit probably contributes more moral courage and ethical back-bone to the nation than any other pulpit in the land. Its influence on the world, in India and China and the islands of the Sea is illustrated by the giant angel in the fresco declaring, **"Let There Be Light."**

And I lingered a little after the service. I noted a relief of **Robert Collyer,**—once pastor—on the walls near the pulpit, and underneath these words: "A man of Cheerful Yesterdays and Confident Tomorrows." And I read on a tablet these words: "Truth for Authority and not Authority for Truth."—Lucretia Mott. And on another tablet these words: "The Good Man Loves All Men. All Within the Four Seas Are His Brothers."—Confucius. And on another tablet these words: "The Noblest Monument to God is a Noble People, Well-fed, Free, Educated, Wise, Good." —Theodore Parker. Of all men, Dr. Holmes, I have an idea, admires Theodore Parker the most. He inherited Dr. Parker's cane, which is to him as a sacred staff.

Of the many activities of Community Church I have not time to write. It is a hive of bees, without sting, gathering honey, to sweeten human life, from its door-steps on 12 Park Avenue to men of every color and clime. I know of no oppressed people that would not find in Community Church, a "friend in court." There is a belief that on the Day of Judgment, at the Big Wind-up, Gabriel will blow his horn, from a point in Jerusalem. I have an idea that on that morning, he is as likely to blow it from the front steps of Community Church, as the place where the head of this procession will start.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Veterans, Virtue and Sin

The various Veterans' Associations of the country have recently held a convention in Washington; and the convention pronouncements command consideration, as the organizations together claim to represent millions of men and women. This was the first gathering of all the Veterans' commanders. The most pretentious pronouncement was the demand for "the immediate carrying out of the defense act and sufficient appropriation to build a navy equal to that of any other country in all the world." This demand is signed by the past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the commander-in-chief of the United Spanish War Veterans, the commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, and the national commander of the American Legion.

"The world is troubled with strife and armed conflicts," declare the commanders. "We have the inescapable responsibility to provide for an adequate national defense." They profess themselves "sincere advocates of peaceful settlements of international disputes"; but they do not now or ever emphasize or recognize the central importance of the world's great organized agencies for such settlements. Never any plea or support for the League of Nations or the World Court. Elihu Root, our most experienced and perhaps our ablest living statesman, who has been both Secretary of War and Secretary of State, has just said that "the League in the political field and the Court in the judicial field have been rendering the best service, incomparably the best, in the cause of peace known to the history of civilization"; but the import of such utterances seems never to dawn upon military conventions. The real defense for all of us, in the community and in the nation, is law and order; and so it must be in the inter-nation. But when this Washington convention thought of "adequate national defense," it defined it simply in terms of the universal service law and a navy equal to that of any other country.

Why should we have "a navy equal to that of any other country"? Why, for instance, should we have a navy equal to that of Great Britian? She is dependent for her very food supply, as we are not, upon free and safe ocean communication; and she has a coast line to protect, including her dominions, twice as great as ours. Her safety might easily be endangered. Ours can not be. Mr. Hughes had full warrant for his recent statement that "the United States is not in the slightest danger of aggression; in no single power and in no possible combination of powers lies any menace to our security." No hostile British squadron will ever sail up the St. Lawrence. No sane man can conceive a Japanese squadron crossing the Pacific for battle with the fleets of a nation five times as powerful as its own. In the insane theoretical possibility, the Golden Gate and the strait of Juan de Fuca could be mined before the squadron was half a day out of Yokohama. All this talk of a monstrous navy is mischievous because it diverts emphasis from the place where it belongs. It is out of date.

The Washington convention of the Veterans was called not only to formulate the declaration on national defense, but also, its manifesto states, "to define the term 'Americanism' for use in the public schools and by the people." What the special credentials of the Veterans are for this educational function are not stated. To the ordinary mind, few bodies would seem to be less fitted, either by training or talent, for this office. Humility is not the forte of our military gentlemen; but elementary modesty would seem to dictate the leaving of these educational matters to such educational bodies as the National Education Association. Be it cordially conceded that the definition so painfully framed, although limited and unimportant, is harmless and virtuous.

What is not harmless and virtuous is what the Veterans proceeded to say about our wars. "The government of the United States has never unfurled its battle flag for conquest or aggression, but only in defense of human rights." This is not only false, as all familiar with our history know, but at the present moment, when we are pursuing a course threatening to precipitate us into a peculiarly paltry and unworthy war, it is most mischievous. At such an hour the spirit imperative for our people is the spirit of penitence and self-distrust, not that of self-righteousness and pride. Our war history has been in some of its chapters a peculiarly shameful history; and judging the present by the past, the presumption is that if we get into war with our southern neighbors to back the claims of our oil investors in Mexico and to maintain in Nicaragua a government repudiated and condemned by the majority of the people, the war will be no more a war for "human rights" than our war with Mexico eighty years ago and our subjugation of the Philippines. The defense of those wars as chivalrous crusades by Veterans' commanders fills us with alarm lest, after defining "Americanism" for the public schools, the same ambitious authorities should take to inspiring historical text-books for the schools, as in certain cases has actually happened. The spread of that epidemic would add new terrors to life.

Our last war before the World war was our war with Spain and the Philippines. Our controversy with Spain in the years before 1898 was to our credit. Spain had not only made Cuba a nuisance in our backyard, but her intolerable tyranny and cruelties there provoked the just resentment and protest of our people. That sympathy and protest were honorable and imperative, and had achieved their purpose. The war, into which we rushed with the wild slogan, "Remember the Maine," was wanton. There is not the slightest probability that the Spanish government had anything whatever to do with the blowing up of the Maine. It promptly offered to have the matter arbitrated, with an investigation of the cause of the explosion by disinterested experts; but we refused this and never permitted any investigation until long after the war. James Ford Rhodes, our ablest and most authoritative historian of the period, after a searching survey of the circumstances leading up to the war, pronounced it utterly unnecessary and unjustifiable; even Mark Hanna, he said, would have prevented it. John D. Long, himself a member of McKinley's cabinet, wrote in his diary, now published, that every argument of the President for the war seemed to him an argument against it. Our minister at Madrid, General Stewart L. Woodford, declared afterward that at the time when President McKinley presented his war message to Congress he had in his desk the minister's despatches assuring him of the acceptance of our conditions by the Spanish government. At the close of the

war we promptly appropriated Porto Rico as part of the spoils, with no questions to the people as to how they liked it and no mention of "the consent of the governed."

If the war with Spain was, as Mr. Rhodes held, unnecessary and unjustifiable, what is to be said of our subjugation of the Philippines which followed as a result, on the technical basis of the treaty turning over the islands to us by Spain at a time when the oppressed and uprising people were practically certain of the speedy achievement of their independence? Admiral Dewey, who immediately came to know their leaders and their legislature well, declared them as capable of self-government as the Cubans, whom he also knew. We had a rare opportunity and beckoning for cooperation with a rising and aspiring people as a "big brother"; and the prolonged war of conquest which we chose instead, with the fearful slaughter and cruelties, the "water-cure" torture and the rest, the thousands of deaths through the resulting pestilence and plague, constitutes one of the darkest chapters in the history of republics. Today, after almost thirty years, there is not a man in the Philippine legislature who does not join in the petition for independence; yet our conditional pledge of independence a dozen years ago, the conditions of which have been met, is utterly disregarded under our changed politics; and in this 1927 the islands are still administered by our War Department and our Governor-General's cabinet is a military cabinet. Even Carmi Thompson could not stomach this, and in his recent report to the President after his return from Manilla he urged that it be abolished as a constant source of irritation, resentment and strife. If our whole occupation of the Philippines has not been "conquest," it would be edifying to have from the Veterans' commanders the accurate term for it. It would be interesting to learn from them just how our campaign there in 1900 promoted "human rights."

But at this time, when we are confronted by a new Mexican crisis, it is more imperative to consider and sharply to condemn their white washing of our old Mexican war eighty years ago. Can they name a single honored or respectable statesman of that time who did not denounce it as a war of conquest and aggression? Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Charles Francis Adams, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln all spoke with one voice. To an Illinois parson who had written him apologizing for the war, Lincoln responded by a simple review of our course in Mexico and Texas leading up to the war and said: "I shall be obliged for a reference to any law of language, law of nations, law of morals, law of religion, any law, human or divine, in which authority can be found for saying these acts constitute no aggression." General Grant, who as a young lieutenant in the regular army served in the war, in his later life pronounced it "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." "It was," he said, "a political war; our troops were sent into Mexico to provoke a fight." Zachary Taylor himself, who as an obedient soldier fought its battles and became its hero, viewed it as Grant viewed it; and it was largely because men knew this that he was made President of the United States.

In an address adopted at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in 1845, which Daniel Webster helped prepare, "Massachusetts denounces the iniquitous project in its inception and in every stage of its progress, in its means and in its ends, and in all the purposes and intentions of its authors." Two years later, in the midst of the war—and in war time a bastard patriotism is generally at its worst, most assertive, most tyrannous, and most popular—the Massachusetts legislature, by a vote of more than two to one, adopted a resolution declaring that

> such a war of conquest, so hateful in its objects, so wanton and unjust in its origin and character, must be regarded as a war against freedom, against humanity, against justice, against the Union, against the Constitution; and a regard for the true interests and the highest honor of the country not less than the impulses of Christian duty should arouse all good citizens to join in efforts to arrest this gigantic crime, by withholding supplies for its further prosecution, by calling for the withdrawal of our army and our retreat from the disgraceful position of aggression which it now occupies towards a weak, distracted neighbor and sister republic.

That resolution, adopted by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1847, was written by Charles Sumner. A resolution in similar and equally uncompromising words ought to have been adopted this winter by the Legislature of Massachusetts and by the Congress of the United States regarding our present aggressive intervention in Nicaragua. Yet the Veterans' commanders, issuing their smug manifesto from Washington, would have their countrymen believe that Charles Sumner and the Massachusetts Legislature in denouncing the Mexican war as a war of "conquest" and "aggression," were talking "bunk." We took from Mexico at the end of the war the territory which now makes up our states of California, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, and just before had intrigued in depriving her of Texas, altogether much more than half of her whole domain. Yet the Veterans would proclaim that this was a free-will offering from Mexico as some slight recognition on her part of our gallant and meritorious struggle on her soil for the advancement of "human rights," as "our battle flag was never unfurled" in any other cause. Abraham Lincoln's talks about our "aggression" in Mexico, with his appeal to the Golden Rule, was mere pious rhetoric to help the Whigs in the Illinois election; and Webster's fulminations in Faneuil Hall, Channing's sermons on the annexation of Texas, Grant's talk about the flagrant injustice of the war, and Lowell's and Whittier's poems were equally sophistical and reprehensible, sinful and futile attempts to blot the white page of our war history.

There is no more rank wrong which any body of citizens can do to their country than that of calling evil good and good evil, in the promotion and encouragement of the notion that the sins which beckon them today are unlikely to be sins, since their country never sinned before.

It will hardly be claimed that President Coolidge is the intellectual superior of James K. Polk. The State Department in 1846 would not have been capable of submitting as its apologia a paper like Secretary Kellogg's census of bolshevist spooks. The "Doheny war," should it be precipitated, would be more paltry and despicable, if not so premeditatedly wicked, than that which General Grant stigmatized in his undying words.

Yet we are confronted at this hour with the danger of war with Mexico, and are actually involved in intervention in Niacaragua to support in power a cheap adventurer, because he serves certain American commercial interests, against the clear and overwhelming majority of the Nicaraguan people. Our Government

opposes the efforts of the liberal party for control on the ground that the overthrow of the present head would constitute revolution, and it cannot sanction revolutions. Yet in the very hour when it says it, it is clearly contemplating the lifting of the embargo on the export of arms into Mexico for the use of malcontents and adventurers there in a revolution against the existing Calles government and supplanting by a group subservient to our demands in behalf of the oil interests!

Is it strange that even the Chicago *Tribune* inveighs against our hypocrisy in the whole Niacaraguan business? Is it strange that Edwin L. James, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times,* one of the ablest and best informed of American journalists, cables that there is no experienced or intelligent political circle in Europe which accepts at its face value our official statement of reasons for sending our great body of warships and troops to Nicaragua? There is no circle in South America which believes it; and the suspicion and ill-will rolling up against us in those sister republics is portentous. The learned librarian of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has surprised the Boston public by his detailed exhibition of the extent of the agitation for a Latin-American Union to supplant the Pan-American Union, which the southern republics feel is being dominated by us for our selfish purposes. The article in the March number of *Current History* by Professor Bareda of the University of Lima on "Latin-American Opposition to the New Monroeism" should be taken to heart by every patriotic and peace-loving American. The Monroe Doctrine of 1823, so friendly and beneficent to South America, the monumental guarantee of independence and freedom from foreign intervention for the southern republics, has been "Corrupted, distorted and deformed" beyond recognition. There has been no danger there for half a century of any European intervention; about which the republics are not quite willing to take chances. What they resent is our invocation of the name of Monroe to warn other people out of Latin-America when, a veritable dog-in-the-manger, we meddle there in our own interest whenever it suits our ambition or our whim. "The United States," says the Lima professor, "would be at the same time the claimant and the defendant, the judge to decide the case, the sheriff to apprehend the guilty or the innocent, and the armed jailer or executioner to enforce the penalty without appeal."

The southern republics note with amazement and apprehension that, while most of them like practically all of the other nations of the world, have joined the League of Nations and the World Court, and are cordially cooperating in the organized family of nations, we for reasons which they cannot understand and which they distrust, choose to stand alone outside and be a law unto ourselves; and when Mexico offers to submit the difficulties between us to arbitration, we, who have been so rhetorical and eloquent about international arbitration as the civilized way of settling disputes, respond that we have "nothing to arbitrate."

It is an unworthy, unpatriotic and uncivilized position. We should strive in humiliation to see ourselves as others see us. The churches do so see. In all honor it should be recognized that they have done their duty and done it with power. The scholars have almost with one voice spoken righteously. The best newspapers have discharged their responsibility as almost never before. But the men on the bridge of our ship of state, in stormy seas and among the rocks, are steering us, with no word of assurance or enlightenment, no one knows whither. There is no indication that those in power, while danger, dishonor and sin loom in the horizon, are guided by any central principle or long view, and are not merely drifting by the day. In such an emergency, no disservice is so unpatriotic or so gross as to sing to sleepy consciences that we are sure to be all right because we never have been wrong. Elihu Root has just said with feeling—and the people should listen with feeling—that in our serious political crises the chief fault is usually with the people themselves, who do not speak out as they should. The time to speak in the Mexican crisis is now.

Boston. EDWIN D. MEAD.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART III—CHAPTER IV

The Calm After the Storm

I had not yet left the Police Station when after two days I was taken to see Mr. Escombe. Two constables were sent to protect me, though no such precaution was then needed.

On the day of landing, as soon as the yellow flag was lowered, a representative of the *Natal Advertiser* came to interview me. He asked me a number of questions, and in reply I was able to refute every one of the charges that had been leveled against me. Thanks to Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, I had delivered only written speeches in India, and I had copies of them all, as well as of my other writings. I gave the interviewer all this literature and showed him that in India I had said nothing which I had not already said in South Africa in stronger language. I also showed him that I had no hand in bringing the passengers of the SS. *Courland and Naderi* to South Africa. Many of them were old residents, and most of them, far from wanting to stay in Natal, meant to go to the Transvaal. In those days the Transvaal offered better prospects than Natal to those coming in search of wealth, and most Indians, therefore, preferred to go there.

This interview, and my refusal to prosecute the assailants, produced such a profound impression that the Europeans of Durban were ashamed of their conduct. The press declared me to be innocent and condemned the mob. Thus the lynching ultimately proved to be a blessing for me, that is for the cause. It enhanced the prestige of the Indian community in South Africa and made my work easier.

In three or four days, I went to my house, and it

was not long before I settled down again. The incident added also to my professional practice.

But if it enhanced the prestige of the community, it also fanned the flame of prejudice against it. As soon as it was proved that the Indian could put up a manly fight he came to be regarded as a danger. Two bills were introduced in the Natal Legislative Assembly, one of them calculated to affect the Indian trader adversely and the other to impose a stringent restriction on Indian immigration. Fortunately, the fight for the franchise had resulted in a decision to the effect that no enactment might be passed against the Indians as such, that is to say that the law should make no distinction of color or race. The language of the bills above mentioned made them applicable to all, but their object undoubtedly was to impose further restrictions on the Indian residents of Natal.

The bills considerably increased my public work and made the community more alive than ever to their sense of duty. They were translated into Indian languages and exhaustively explained, so as to bring home to the community their subtle implications. We appealed to the Colonial Secretary, but he refused to interfere and the bills became law.

Public work now began to absorb most of my time. Mr. Mansukhlal Naazar who, as I have said, was already in Durban, came to stay with me, and as he gave his time to public work he lightened my burdens so some extent.

Seth Adamji Miyakhan had, in my absence, discharged his duty with great credit. He had increased the membership and added about £1,000 to the coffers of the Natal Indian Congress. The awakening, caused by the Bills, and the demonstration against the passengers, I turned to good account by making an appeal for membership and funds, which now amounted to £5,000. My desire was to secure for the Congress a permanent fund with which it might procure property of its own and then carry on its work out of the rent of the property. This was my first experience of managing a public institution. I placed my proposal before my coworkers and they welcomed it. The property that was purchased was leased out and the rent was enough to meet the current expenses of the Congress. The property was vested in a strong body of trustees and is still there today, but it has become the source of much internecine quarreling with the result that the rent of the property now accumulates in the court.

This sad situation developed after my departure from South Africa, but my idea of having permanent funds for public institutions underwent a change long before this difference arose. And now after considerable experience with the many public institutions which I have managed, it has become my firm conviction that it is not good to run public institutions on permanent funds. A permanent fund carries in itself the seed of the moral fall of the institution. A public institution means an institution conducted with the approval of and from the funds of the public. When such an institution ceases to have public support, it forfeits its right to exist. Institutions maintained on permanent funds are often found to ignore public opinion and are frequently responsible for acts contrary to it. In our country we experience this at every step. Some of the so-called religious trusts have ceased to render any accounts. The trustees have become the owners and are responsible to none. I have no doubt that the ideal is for public institutions to live, like nature, from day to day.

The institution that fails to win public support has no right to exist as such. The subscriptions that an institution annually receives are a test of its popularity and the honesty of its management, and I am of opinion that every institution should pass through that test.

But let no one misunderstand me. My remarks do not apply to the bodies which cannot, by their very nature, be conducted without permanent buildings. What I mean to say is that the current expenditure should be found from subscriptions voluntarily received from year to year.

These views were confirmed during the days of the Satyagraha in South Africa. That magnificent campaign extending over six years was carried on without permanent funds, though lakhs of rupees were necessary for it. I can recollect times when I did not know what would happen the next day if no subscriptions came in. But I shall not anticipate future events. The reader will find the opinion expressed above borne out in the coming narrative. M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

An English Prophet Visits America

[An Interview with Arthur Ponsonby, Author, Diplomat and Statesman, Member of the British Cabinet under Ramsay MacDonald]

Once in a long while a really distinguished Englishman visits America without telling us that we are the arbiter of human destinies and that the peace of the world and its future civilization depend upon the political solidarity of the British Empire, or Commonwealth, and the United States. We have heard that so many times! So often that even when a visiting diplomat says it, we almost believe it. But once in a while—a long while—a wise visitor from the tight little island beyond the Sleeve of the Sea sojourns among us without reminding us, consciously or unconsciously, that he has an Empire up his sleeve to promote or protect. And once in a while a foreigner of reputation hails and farewells us without making us feel that he has come to instruct us in our moral duty to the world, rather than to learn something from us that he did not know before—as most of us go to learn when we go to Europe—without patronizing or exploiting us, but telling us a plain story of great thoughts and deeds of which we had not closely heard, and so leaving a grateful memory behind when his vessel drops over the watery horizon whence it came.

Such a visitor left us a few weeks ago. Such a man as has not been heard in America since, I almost said since George Fox and William Penn—but that, of course, would be an exaggeration—sailed away after a brief visit to New York Those who met and heard him are pondering what he said, and what he is, as they

might ponder the passage of an unclassifiable carrier-bird with messages from some ancient, half-forgotten shore, or as the passage of one who, if not a prophet, spoke as the inheritor of a line of social prophets, from Tolstoy and Kropotkin to Debs, and vanished as he came. The stranger's name and classification was Arthur Ponsonby sometime Under-secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Government of His Britannic Majesty, under Ramsay MacDonald, and at present member of Parliament from the city of Sheffield, in Lancashire, center of the finer steel industry of England.

When Mr. Ponsonby arrived, he said quietly to a group of friends who banqueted him at the Astor:

> I have come to put before you some considerations which are in the hearts of people throughout the world just now, many of whom are inarticulate, and many of whom have no opportunity of expressing what they feel. I address you not as American citizens, but as human beings and citizens of the world.

How refreshing! To be addressed by a statesman and diplomat, not as a Political Power, or an ex-Ally, or an economic creditor and arbiter, nor even as an American citizen, but as a plain human being interested in the fate of the sometimes human race! . . . And when he left, he said to me the most startling things, I believe, that any Englishman has said publicly or privately in the United States since Balfour came to tell us that civilization was beaten and bankrupt unless we participated in the European War. He said them, however, so quietly that almost no one realized how startling they were. Most of his ideas may be found in an eloquent little book just published in the United States entitled "Now Is the Time" (Seltzer).

I found him just before his departure at a small hotel—a kindly, serious, somewhat saddened gentleman, with whitish hair and benignant blue eyes. He was an aristocrat—without "manner" or affectation of any kind. Indeed, I should not have been able to tell from his accent whether he hailed from Boston on Massachusetts Bay or Boston on the Great Wash. He consented to give me an interview. It began, somewhat apologetically on my part, as follows:

"I have been told that as a boy you were a page to Queen Victoria. Is that true?"

"Yes," he replied, "I was a page of honor at the Court for a number of years."

"Will you tell me how Queen Victoria appeared to you? I mean, was she like a Fairy Queen in a picture-book to you, or a somewhat stuffy old lady in bombazine?"

He smiled faintly, as if recalling a dream, and answered: "Queen Victoria was to me a kind, motherly old lady devoted to children. As the same time, I realized, even at that early age, her wonderful distinction and impressive personality."

"You went into politics—were in Parliament, perhaps—before the war, were you not?"

"I was."

"Did you vote for war in the British Parliament?"

"My state of mind may be best pictured to you by recalling two incidents. . . . On Sunday night, August 2nd, 1914, I walked along the streets of London, which were strangely deserted. I heard the approach of a large band of men singing and shouting. As they came nearer I saw that they were mostly very young, were carrying Union Jacks, and that many were drunk. They were calling out for war. They were the first spark, which was going deliberately to be fanned into a blaze by Authority. They stopped in front of a smart West End club and out came a few young men in evening dress and from the steps began to address them. Their wild foolish utterances showed they also were the worse for drink. I went home reflecting sorrowfully that that was patriotism, and that Authority approved. . . . On August 4th, I sat in my seat in the House of Commons with a heavy sense of impending catastrophe. The famous speech was made and *the declaration of war was announced.* Members sprang to their feet, jumped on the seats, shouted an cheered. Never in all my life have I felt so differently constituted from my fellow creatures. I sat glum comparing in my mind the ridiculously inadequate explanation which had been made with the vision which my imagination conjured up of desolating loss, suffering, confusion which lay before us—a dim vision which, of course, fell very far short of what turned out to be the reality. As I sat, I felt as if a cold hand had clutched my heart. . . . In all respects I am a normal, ordinary being, yet so different were my feelings. . . . We had come to the cross-roads. But I had a map. Others must be supplied with a map to use in a crisis, not to be taken in by people with long faces who pretend that they don't want war, but that "it has been forced upon us."

"Did the people whom you knew best in England expect a European conflagration? Were they prepared for it, psychologically and militarily? . . . You know what Mr. George Bernard Shaw has said on that subject"

"War to some," said Mr. Ponsonby, philosophically, "is a tremendous adventure from which nothing will deter them; to others it is the expected culmination of a professional career of military preparation. War to some is an excitement preferable to the dull routine of their normal lives. War to some is an opportunity for great financial gain. War to all is an emotional upheaval. . . . War, to many women, is a form of excitement in which the primitive worship of the warrior destroys their powers of reason. War to old men is an opportunity to display vicarious heroism: they 'give their sons' (perhaps the most contemptible aspect). War is a return to barbarism in which the thin veneer of civilization crumbles. All sentimentalists fall victims at once to war-fever. . . . England is sentimental. . . . As for Mr. Bernard Shaw, he is seldom deceived. Yes; the anti-German feeling was rising. It was being fanned ever since the Tariff Reform controversy led by Joseph Chamberlain. Trade rivalry, imperialism, and the deadly competition in armaments made people expect war sooner or later. That expectation made it inevitable."

"Then you believe war is inevitable?"

"Unless the underlying mind-set, the psychological factors and superstitions that make for war are changed—yes. But I am not a fatalist. The diplomats of the world are not fatalists. They know that the humand mind is pliable. They deliberately set about the awful business of bending it to their will. Have you ever read that revealing book by my friend Francis Neilson: 'How Diplomats Make War.'"?

"You really believe that human nature can be changed, then?"

"Of course, I believe it. Every sensible person believes it. Your modern psychologists all believe it. Your Dr.—what is his name—Watson?—be believes that he could turn out a human being, emotions, mind-

set, opinions and all, to order, by controlling all of the conditioning of his reflexes. Well, the war-lords, the armament-lords, the armed imperialists actually 'condition' the popular reflexes, by propaganda, by false and distorted news, when they want a war. Remember the American people and the British, their state of mind, in June, 1914. *They* had no animosity against the German people. They were in perfectly friendly relations. The last thing the people thought of was blowing each other to pieces. But as August 4th approached, the levers began to be pulled. The diplomats went into the advertising business. The governments engaged press-agents to pour out censored news and discolored reports. They had been making armaments, piling up preparations, and they had to get a unified belligerent nation behind them. Do you remember, can anyone forget, how they did it?"

"We have heard something about it," I suggested. Then Ponsonby continued, eloquently: "We began in those fatal days to be deluged with falsehoods, and the 'criminal nation' appeared, as it always has. In every war the criminal nation is brought forward—the nation bent upon disturbing the world's security, solely responsible for the war, whose people obey a crowd of inhuman monsters and perpetrate the most hideous brutalities. All this is the grammar of war-making. If you read, as I have read, the leading articles published in the Great War, and the leading articles that appeared in 1854 about Russia in the Crimean War, or about the Boers in the South African War, you will find that they are just the same. The same language is used. In fact, they keep these articles set up, and insert the name of whatever nation or government it happens to be at the time. Precisely the same thing is going to be done next time. Falsehood is an official necessity. Truth is the first casualty in every war. . . . I cannot believe that an institution founded upon humbug and hypocrisy and sustained by lies and ruinous superstitions, can much longer endure."

"You spoke, a moment ago, of the 'deadly armament competition.' Americans cannot understand why Europe has not disarmed. The President, we think, is more sincere about this matter than almost anything else."

"Well, war breeds war and nothing else. It settles nothing. You know the old Greek fable about sowing of the dragons' teeth? The fathers sowed the wind and the sons must reap the whirlwind, until the sons refuse. . . . As for armaments, let me tell you something. My constituents in the city of Sheffield, England, are engaged, as we sit here now talking, in manufacturing twelve and fourteen inch shells, a hundred a day. One consignment of those shells is coming to the United States—and another consignment is going to Japan, the same shells. When the United States military inspector comes down to the plant, the Japanese stuff is screened off. And when the Japanese inspector comes down, the shells for the United States are screened off. . . . We are making new tanks. You have seen the pictures of them in the Sunday papers! They are wonderful—three guns—impenetrable armor. In another department they are manufacturing shells which are going to penetrate that impenetrable armor. If you find yourselves mixed up in a war within the next few years, how can you be sure that American boys will not be murdered by arms manufactured in the United States?"

At this point, I began to sharpen another pencil and take down what this courageous parliamentarian was saying, verbatim. He did not seem to object.

"When I was in Constantinople," he said, "in the diplomatic service at the end of the last century, there was a man who was part and parcel of the official world. He was an agent of a great armament firm who was so successful in his business of persuading the Ottoman Government to buy guns that the Dardanelles were fully equipped with those magnificent guns made by this firm. When 1914 came, and the Gallipoli campaign, these guns were trained on our English soldiers and sailors—the best we had—the power of England—and cut them down. In Bedford Park, England, there is today a great gun captured by the Bedford Regiment at Gallipoli. On one side of it you will see a tablet on which the great deed is recorded—and you go around and look on the other side where you see: "Armstrong, Whitworth and Co." in raised letters. What can one say? Language fails to express one's emotions. It is necessary to do something."

"What can you do, when there are backward nations, like pacifist China, raging with war?" I asked.

"The first thing you can do," he shot back, "is to inform yourself. The Chinese are the most peace-loving people on earth. Why are they 'raging'? . . . One reason is the surplus stock of armaments that was left over from the World War, from the convulsion of the great Christian nations. It was huge. It was a pity to waste it—so they sent it over to China and they have been training it on one another ever since. When people ask what you just asked, the reply is—who arms them. Who arms the Turks? Well, we have been arming them lately. In the next breath you will see people come along and say we must prepare in case the Turks attack us! So it goes in a vicious cycle of preparing and organizing—with the unfortunate people of each country duped and misled, without any animosity in their hearts, yet driven to the field of slaughter. I am an ex-Cabinet minister, and I am telling you the solemn truth."

He looked, this quiet old gentleman, so sincere, so appealingly in earnest, that it would not have surprised me if he had added with Patrick Henry of Virginia, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" Certainly, never in my experience—and I have interviewed Lloyd George, M. Tchitcherin, and several others high in office—never had I heard a Cabinet minister or ex-Cabinet minister talk like this. I wondered why there had not been headlines in every paper in the cities where he had talked in this country. I asked him where he had spoken in New York. And his reply made me restrain a smile:

"One of my most useful meetings here," said Mr. Ponsonby, gravely, "was at the Colony Club," . . . Doubtless the fair shadows of the Colony Club, I thought, were deeply thrilled at listening to any one whose head had once been stroked by Queen Victoria. "I was very much gratified," he continued, "by the reception given me at an Economic Club dinner. And I have visited Chicago, Boston, Syracuse and Philadelphia."

"May I ask how you, who began life as a page of honor at the English Court, now find yourself in the left wing of the British Labor Party?" I queried.

"Considering that my outlook has always been progressive," said he, "it has appeared a wholly natural transition. In the diplomatic service I learned a great

deal about the inside working of the international machine. I joined the Liberal Party because of my hatred of the injustice of the Boer War and because it was then the most progressive party in England. I left it because of the Great War and because of my belief that a new social order is necessary if we are to deal with the pressing industrial and economic evils of the day. In this party those workers whose belief in Socialism is founded on economic experience, and those better-off people whose belief is founded on intellectual convictions are effectively cooperating for the salvation of the State."

"Who will be the next Prime Minister of Great Britain, in your opinion?"

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, indubitably."

I then asked Mr. Ponsonby what was his object in coming to the United States, and he said that he was anxious to stimulate the peace movement because of his belief that this generation which has had such terrible first-hand experience of the barbarities and futilities of warfare could do more than any other towards putting an end to it. "Our generation has a magnificent opportunity," he said. "With the greatest example of the futility of organized violence that has ever been given, ought we not to bestir ourselves to make certain that war does not occur again? If we do not we shall go down in history as a generation that witnessed the greatest stupidity and outrage ever known, and after it was over sat twiddling our thumbs waiting for the next one."

"What form does your movement take in England?" I asked.

"We are circulating a personal letter to the Prime Minister. It is a letter the signers of which declare that under no circumstances will they ever again participate in war or support any Government that engages in it. One hundred and twenty-five thousand separate persons have already signed these letters. I have done this myself with little assistance—with no proper organization. My trouble is not to get people to sign the 'Peace Letter,' as we call it, but to reach those—the masses—who want to sign it. . . . We firmly believe that this method of personal registration of conviction will make any government hesitate to plunge its country into war, for it will know that it cannot have a united nation behind it."

"Not even if another nation attacks you?" said I.

His reply was categorical: "The unprovoked attack of an aggressive foe is a war myth. It is never true. Moreover, the movement will be international in its scope. I have received many messages of sympathy from other countries already."

There was much more, but it was time to go. I wished him *bon voyage,* wondering to myself at the power of one determined man in a world that seems so mechanically driven, and came away asking myself whether a prophet was still without honor among his own, and whether, indeed, I had interviewed the soul of the world, struggling vainly, since the death of Woodrow Wilson, for articulation.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Correspondence

Open Letter to Senator Borah (Mar. 25, 1927)

Dear Senator Borah:

I think you are a veritable "Tribune of the People," representing a multitude of citizens throughout the country, and I want to thank you for your clear-headed and high-minded stand again and again, especially with regard to international subjects, such as we have before us in Mexico and Central America.

May I, however, as an habitual total abstainer venture to question the philosophy on which you seem to base your attitude toward the XVIIIth Amendment. I cannot discover any sound political or ethical principle on which people light-heartedly assume that a majority of voters may righteously compel an unconvinced minority to do their will, as if this were at once the will and law of the Eternal, as soon as a majority can be counted in its favor.

Of course, I hold that majority rule is a convenient device, so far as its character may count upon the good will of the minority simply as a rule of convenience. In most matters touching our political differences we are easily able to take this view, but I can find no authority by which we may carry the rule of convenience over into the realm of moral conduct, and threaten our neighbors with fines and punishment and constitute over night a felony out of conduct which was never felony before, our neighbors of the minority being in most cases as patriotic and humane as we are; in other cases needing education, patience and tolerance (provided the majority is right in its opinion) so that their good will may be fairly won over to our proposed rule at least far enough to consent to give it a trial. Is it not possible that the Quakers in requiring general consent to a proposal are nearer to the bed-rock of justice and humanity than are our impetuous and often rabid prohibitionist law-enforcers, who forget that a kindly attitude toward our neighbors is quite as needful for the very existence of an intelligent democracy as is submission to a law like the Volstead Act in the vexatious processes of which both the coerced and the coercers lost their temper and despise or hate one another?

If I hear nothing from you to the contrary, I may like to ask our good friend, John Haynes Holmes, Editor of UNITY, to print this letter, both because I wish his readers to think more carefully of the proposed philosophy which underlies all righteous or humane and co-operative "government," and also because I desire as many people as possible to be often reminded how much we owe you for your enlightened leadership in behalf of a host of voters who know not where to look, except to you, in giving public utterance to their dearest political opinions.

With high respect,

Jamaica Plain, Mass. CHARLES F. DOLE.

The True Practice of Law

Editor of UNITY:

A second and consecutive reading of the installments of Mahatma Gandhi's Autobiography has proved to me more strongly than ever the wonderful force of this simple, human story.

It has also suggested the hope that one may some day be able to possess this story between the covers of one book. Is any such plan under consideration?

I was much impressed by his attitude as a practising lawyer and would like to see certain words of the portion printed under date of Dec. 20, 1926, engrossed, framed and hung on the walls of every Bar Association Headquarters of the country and in the office of every young attorney just starting out to win his spurs. Gandhi recites how in his first big case he induced the parties to arbitrate and then persuaded his client to considerably modify the terms of payment of the large judgment. He closes his account of the incident in these words: "Both were happy over the result and both rose in the public estimation. My joy was boundless. I had learned the true practice of law. I had learned to find out the better side of human nature and to enter men's hearts. I realized that the true function of a lawyer was to unite parties riven asunder. The lesson was so indelibly burnt into me that a large part of my time during the twenty years of my practise as a lawyer was occupied in bringing about private compromises of hundreds

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

JOINT SESSION
The Western Unitarian Conference
Seventy-Fifth Anniversary
The Southern Unitarian Conference
Seventy-Third Anniversary

May 17, 18 and 19, 1927

The First Unitarian Church
Fourth Avenue at Library Place
Louisville, Kentucky

PROGRAM

Tuesday, May 17th

10:00 A. M.—Business Sessions.
(1) Western Conference—Church School Room.
(2) Southern Conference—Social Room.
11:00 A. M.—Inspirational Service—Auditorium, Conducted by Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Chicago, and Rev. Lon R. Call, Louisville.
Annual Sermon, Rev. Dilworth Lupton, Cleveland. Subject: "The Unique Mission of the Unitarian Church."
12:00 M.—Luncheons: Places to be announced.
Board of Directors, Western Conference.
Executive Committee, Southern Conference.
Ohio Valley Associate Alliance.
2:00 P. M.—The Function of Liberal Religion.
(1) In the Organization of the Spiritual Life. Miss Eleanor P. MacGregor, Chicago; Rev. Minna C. Budlong, Boston; Mr. Percy Gardner, Providence.
(2) In the Affairs of the Nation. Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, Boston.
8:00 P. M.—The Function of Liberal Religion.
(3) In Interpreting Life's Realities. Rev. Henry F. Waring, Memphis; Dr. Augustus P. Reccord, Detroit.
9:00 P. M.—Reception. Auspices of the Louisville First Church Y. P. R. U.

Wednesday, May 18th

10:00 A. M.—The Function of Liberal Religion.
(4) In Fostering the Reverential Spirit. Rev. Franklin Burkhart, Charleston; Rev. Fred Merrifield, Chicago. Discussion led by Rev. James W. Macdonald, Dayton.
12:30 P. M.—Luncheons:
(1) Ministers—Kentucky Hotel, Rev. F. S. C. Wicks, presiding. Each minister to relate his greatest success and his worst failure of the year.
(2) Laymen—Brown Hotel. Program in charge of First Church Louisville Layman's League.
(3) Alliance—Place to be announced. Program in charge of Mid-Western and Southern Directors.
3:00 P. M.—Sight Seeing.
8:00 P. M.—The Function of Liberal Religion.
(5) In Social Work. Dr. James P. Faulkner, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. Arthur L. Weatherly, Iowa City.

Thursday, May 19th

9:30 A. M.—Business Meeting.
10:00 A. M.—The Function of Liberal Religion.
(6) In the Cure of Souls. Rev. Ralph E. Bailey, Omaha; Rev. W. M. Taylor, Chattanooga. Discussion led by Rev. W. W. Argow, Cedar Rapids.
2:00 P. M.—The Function of Liberal Religion.
(7) In Education. Rev. George H. Badger, Orlando; Prof. Charles H. Lyttle, Chicago. Discussion led by Rev. Clifton M. Gray, Topeka.
6:30 P. M.—Banquet, Brown Hotel, Mr. G. A. Breaux, presiding.
Addresses:
(1) Rev. Clinton Scott, Atlanta.
(2) Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Chicago.
(3) Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, Boston.
(4) Dr. Preston Bradley, Chicago.

Friday, May 20th

8:00 A. M.—Pullman departs from 7th St. Station for Boston and the annual May meetings. Reservations should be made early after arrival in Louisville.

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INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY

An Institute of World Unity, with a lecture program and discussion groups directed by nationally known university and college professors, has been established in the summer community of Green Acre, Eliot, Maine, it was made known by a statement sent out from the office of the secretary, 48 West 10th Street, New York City.

The purpose of the Institute, according to this statement, is to "make available to the general public, through the medium of a summer school, those findings of modern science and philosophy which tend to supply a new basis for faith in the possibility of human brotherhood and world cooperation. The contributions and discoveries of the scientist making for a new ethics of mutual understanding and capable of vitalizing the idealism formerly nurtured by theology, will be outlined by eminent authorities."

The program for the first season of the Institute follows: August 1 to 6, daily lectures by Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons of Princeton University on Nationalism and Internationalism. August 8 to 13, lectures by Prof. John Herman Randall, Jr., of Columbia University on The Making of the Modern Mind. August 15 to 20, Prof. S. L. Jsohi of Dartmouth College will lecture on Comparative Religions. August 22 to 27, lectures on Science and Religion will be delivered by Dr. Kirtley F. Mather of Harvard University. August 29 to September 3, Prof. Wil-

of cases. I lost nothing thereby—not even money, certainly not my soul."

Could a young, enthusiastic member of the legal profession start out with a better slogan?

La Jolla, Cal. A. L. K.

What About Switzerland?

Editor of UNITY:

Whenever I raise my voice against militarizing our schools here, which is being done all too rapidly, I am met with this line of talk: "Switzerland has more military training than any other nation, and yet Switzerland never gets into a war." I come back: "I did not see any evidences of it when I was there such as I encountered in Germany at every turn of the road." Then the reply which is considered final: "Statistics will show it."

Now what I would like to see in print is a statement of the actual condition that exists in Switzerland as to military training in the schools and colleges, but from the viewpoint of some of UNITY's writers, not the usual line of dope handed out by the daily newspapers. Who is in position to know the exact situation in Switzerland? I note that UNITY has no foreign representative listed in Switzerland.

SALLIE NEWELL.

Casper, Wyoming.

Hands Off China

Editor of UNITY:

We ask that your readers send a formal and immediate protest to Washington against our Government's proposed aggressive program in China. The present situation has been brought on by long years of foreign domination and arrogance. It has been fed by reprisals and indemnities. To hold the Chinese authorities responsible for the occasional excesses of their aroused people is unreasonable and unjust. The Nationalist leaders are endeavoring to restrain their people from lawless acts, and for the greater part have succeeded. They should have our cooperation and friendly support in this and not the threat of our armed forces. We must buy back at the price of self-restraint and manifest good-will what we have forfeited through our failure to take constructive steps towards meeting China's just and inevitable demands. To defer negotiations and pursue an aggressive policy in China is to destroy the last shred of basis for Chinese-American friendship. We believe that our people do not sanction this injustice. *We ask them to protest.*

CAMILLA C. DANIELS, Secretary.
The American Committee for Fair Play in China.
San Francisco, Cal.

liam R. Shepherd of Columbia University will give a course on The Relations of East and West.

"Green Acre" the announcement continues, "is a center of applied idealism which grew up over thirty years ago as the fruit of New England Transcendentalism. The founder, Miss Sarah J. Farmer, a friend and student of Emerson, established Green Acre as a summer community for public conferences and study groups with subjects of spiritual character and free from prejudice of race, class or creed. Under her vigorous leadership the Green Acre program commanded the attention of liberal leaders throughout the country, the speakers including such prominent names as John Greenleaf Whittier, Edward Everett Hale, Edwin Markham, Ralph Waldo Trine, Helen Campbell, William Dean Howells, William Lloyd Garrison, John Fiske, Lester A. Ward, Paul Carus, Booker T. Washington, Nathaniel Schmidt, Alfred W. Martin, Edward Ginn, E. D. Mead, C. H. A. Bjerregaard, Jacob Riis, Horatio Dresser, Joseph Jefferson, Anagarika, Annie Besant, P. Ramanathan, Rabbi Silverman and Abul Fazl.

"Miss Farmer selected the site of Green Acre, which is located in the town of Eliot, Maine, on account of its remarkable natural beauty and healthfulness. Green Acre lies between pine groves and the milewide river Piscataqua, four miles from Portsmouth, N. H., and six miles up from the sea.

"The work was perpetuated by Miss Farmer by leaving Green Acre in trust to a body incorporated not for profit under the laws of Maine. The land and buildings have been greatly developed during recent years, Green Acre now comprising 200 acres, with Inn, cottages, community house, arts and crafts studio, theatre and camps, all open to the general public.

"The Institute of World Unity represents the fulfillment of Miss Farmer's hope that Green Acre would contribute to a new civilization of amity and peace."

RUSSIA'S HORROR OF WAR

There never has been the least chance of a great revolutionary, expansionist crusade from Russia, such as began from France in 1792. There was never any danger of Trotsky becoming a new Napoleon. The war had sated the Russians of slaughter.

Until two years ago we were saying truly that, in spite of the war to end war, there were more armed men in Europe than before the war began. A compulsorily disarmed central Europe was encompassed by nations who spent more on armaments and kept more of their population in their armies than before the greatest army had been reduced to dimensions of a mere police force. In the last two years, however, the numbers have fallen below the prewar level. It is not because of the Western nations. For Britain, France, Belgium, Spain and Italy remain fully armed. It is mainly Russia that has reduced her armies. The reductions have been as follows:

1920	5,300,000 men
1922	800,000 men
1924	610,000 men
1926	562,000 men

And having given this decisive earnest of her tendency, why should not her professions of readiness to go much further be credited and put to the test?

In the next place we are unable to attribute the anti-British feeling in China to Russian propaganda. The Chinese revolution began long before the Russian, and had found its main channel before Bolshevism came into existence to patronize it. The triple policy of Sun Yat Sen consists of a demand for Chinese national unity, for the abolition of the unequal treaties, and for civilized conditions of labor. In their struggle for freedom the Chinese have come up against British imperialism. Within the last two years hundreds of Chinese have been killed at Shanghai, Shameen, and Wanhsien. It doesn't need Bolsheviks to teach the Chinese to object to being slaughtered. — FROM "DIPLOMATIC MANNERS." BY THE RT. HON. C. P. TREVELYAN, M. P. IN *Foreign Affairs*.

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